

THE NATION

AUGUST 20, 1960 . . 25c

U. S. A. 1960

THE CASE OF THE MISSING PURPOSE

Hans Meyerhoff

HAITI: THE EXPLOSIVE BUFFER

Lynn Grossberg

EICHMANN and OURSELVES

Stuart Palmer

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JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LETTERS

The Heroism of Rhee

Dear Sirs: Because I was also in Korea during the early months of the United States occupation, as correspondent for *Yank*, Alfred Croft's detailed account of "Our Falling Ramparts" [June 25 issue] was of special interest to me.

But on at least one aspect of the public image that Syngman Rhee sought to create for himself, Mr. Croft has been taken in. This is the section in which he accepts Rhee as "... a hero of the 1919 Mansei Independence Revolt in Korea." This is pure fiction, assiduously spread by Rhee upon his return to Korea in 1945. Rhee could make this story stick because nearly all those who actually led this unarmed revolt for independence died young—either under torture in Japanese prisons, or afterward as the result of it.

But in 1919, while the huge demonstrations still surged through the streets of Korea's ancient cities... Rhee, the hero in absentia, was in Paris, attending the Versailles Peace Conference and living on funds donated by Korean patriots.

RALPH IZARD

San Francisco, Calif.

In Defense of Civil Defense

Dear Sirs: The author of "Charade of Civil Defense" in your June 11 issue, chides us for dispassionately citing the millions of possible casualties from a nuclear attack, as though emotional hand-wringing would be a more productive solution. If we "drive from our minds visions of writhing bodies and screaming flesh," to quote Stanley Meisler's prose, "then war becomes thinkable. In the nuclear age, war must be unthinkable."

Unthinkable to whom — the USSR, or only the U.S.? Not thinking about the prospect of nuclear war won't make it go away....

Your space and my time won't permit a complete refutation, in this letter, of all the article's inaccuracies and innuendoes. I must, however, rebut the most serious of these. The author writes of "confusion" hiding our civil defense goals, particularly as to shelter and evacuation. Confusion is limited to those who will not bother to obtain the facts and guidance available to them. I quote the national policy statement on shelter and evacuation, as set forth in the National Plan for Civil Defense and Defense Mobilization:

Governments and the public will take

The Nation on FM

Readers in the New York area may hear the next installment of *The Nation Commentary* on August 18 at 6:45 P.M. over WBAI-FM (99.5). Patricia Sexton will talk on "The Wife of the 'Happy Worker.'"

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such action on receipt of warning as is prescribed by the government involved.

- (1) Evacuation or dispersal—*Target cities and other areas near assumed targets* will, if time and conditions permit, execute plans for evacuation or dispersal to prepared reception areas.
- (2) Shelter—If time and conditions do not permit evacuation, full advantage will be taken of existing shelters, and fallout protection will be improvised.
- (3) *THE ACTION TO BE TAKEN IS A LOCAL DECISION.*

This last point is necessary because the local authority knows which action is best suited to the conditions in his area (such as availability of shelters, ease of evacuation and other geographic factors) based on the probable time between warning and attack. Thus it is wrong to speak of evacuation *versus* shelter....

The National Shelter Policy is practical. Two years of exhaustive studies and tests at the highest levels of the Administration produced this policy.... Mr. Meisler fears that... shelters would make us overconfident. I would rather be confident inside my shelter than dead outside it.... The mental processes of your author puzzle me, as did those of the persons who created the motion picture version of *On The Beach*.

LEO A. HOEGH, Director

Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization
Washington, D.C.

Translation Program

Dear Sirs: The American Institute of Biological Sciences, with the support of The National Science Foundation, is currently translating and publishing seven Russian research journals in biology. It is hoped that this material will aid biologists in research, prevent duplication of work, give some idea of the work being done by Soviet scientists in

the field of biology, and also bring about a better international understanding among scientists.

Because of the support of the National Science Foundation, the AIBS can offer these translations at a fraction of their publication cost, with even further price reduction to AIBS members and to academic and non-profit libraries. Inquiries should be addressed to me at AIBS, 2000 P Street, Washington 6, D.C.

FRANCIS C. HARWOOD
Director of Publications

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EDITORIALS

Castro's Neighbors

Politics does make strange bedfellows, but the strangeness is mostly in our minds because we are given to judging the future by the past, and politicians by their words instead of by the forces that impel their actions. If we were more realistic, we should be better prophets. On this basis, it would appear that the troubles we have seen in the Caribbean are only a beginning, and that seemingly bizarre alliances may emerge there to plague us in the months and years ahead.

Nowhere, one would think, would the likes of the Castro brothers and Che Guevara be more hated and feared than in Ciudad Trujillo; and no doubt the sentiment is mutual — Raul Castro recently referred to Generalissimo Rafael L. Trujillo Molina as an “abortion of North American imperialism.” But by all indications “El Benefactor” and his gang are taking it on the lam. The dictator’s son “Ramfis,” erstwhile benefactor of the Misses Kim Novak and Zsa Zsa Gabor, has been packed off to Geneva as a trade expert in the official Dominican delegation. The dictator’s brother, Hector Bienvenido Trujillo Molina, has resigned the ceremonial presidency of the Dominican “Republic” and is to become an ambassador. “El Benefactor” himself has been appointed (by “El Benefactor”) to head the country’s delegation to the U.N. While this will raise some problems for the New York police, it will get “El Benefactor” to a relatively safe sanctuary with, presumably, a substantial part of the \$800 million he is said to have accumulated in his thirty years of honest toil. With Trujillo in retreat, what assurance is there that Castroism will not spread to the Dominican Republic?

Oddly enough, events seem to be driving the two regimes into a kind of involuntary alliance. At the forthcoming session of the Organization of American States, the culprits in the dock will be the Castro and Trujillo regimes. On August 8, OAS overrode Cuban objections by a 20-to-1 vote and approved a U.S.-formulated agenda to take up “defense of the democratic American institutions against the subversive activities of any organization, government or their agents.” At the same time, OAS must also consider the complaint of Venezuelan President Romulo Betancourt that Trujillo plotted his assassination. And on the matter of sugar quotas,

both regimes have reason to resent U.S. policy. In the past, Trujillo has been a beneficiary of our well-known penchant for backing “anti-Communist” regimes no matter how dictatorial or corrupt they may be. But he is certainly aware that new winds are blowing in the Caribbean and he may be preparing to show OAS and Washington that he still has a few cards up his sleeve. While arranging to move his dear ones out of the country, Trujillo has instituted some reforms. Among these is a particularly strange one: he has legalized the Communist Party. One seeks bedfellows where one may, and a double bed for the Dominicans and Cubans to lie in would not, in this perspective, be so very peculiar. It might, indeed, become a triple bed, for in Haiti [see article p. 83], there is only the shell of a government.

Against this background, President Eisenhower’s proposed \$600,000,000 aid program merits the criticism leveled at it. It suggests, as Senator Mike Mansfield points out, that “a callous attempt” is being made “to purchase favor in Latin America at a time when we are especially desirous of obtaining it.” Apart from the timing, we can’t buy good relations in Latin America. Funds alone will not avert the trouble that so clearly impends in Haiti. What is needed is a plan and a policy; at the moment we have neither.

But for the Grace of NATO

Everyone knows that if it were not for the bases, bombers and serried manpower of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the Muscovites would long since have overrun and enslaved Europe. Among the nations for which NATO has been the shield and buckler is Belgium, twice in this century overrun and enslaved, not by the Russians but by the Germans. But never mind that — the most acrimonious exchanges in recent weeks have been between Brussels and Moscow. How intriguing, then, that immediately after Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold secured a 9-to-0 confidence vote

To Nation Readers

The Nation is on its alternate week summer schedule. The next issue will be dated September 3.

in the Security Council for his efforts to pry loose the Belgian hold on Katanga, the Belgian cabinet met and, throwing all caution to the winds, announced a cut in its NATO commitments.

Naked before the teeth of the Russian bear, Premier Gaston Eyskens, as reported by the New York *Herald Tribune*, said that Belgium resented "a lack of support from Western nations in the U.N. Security Council debates on the Congo." In direct quotes, he said, "I am surprised to see that certain international organizations are not preoccupied with military investment which they continued to demand. . . . notably NATO. I don't mean Belgium is going to leave the organization, but I do see that generous gestures do not pay." Belgium forthwith canceled an order for 100 Starfighters which NATO had requested it to buy. A source close to the Belgian government expressed bitterness at the vote cast by the United States, Belgium's brother in NATO. "It is the second time," said the source, "that the United States United Nations representative has cast the same vote as his Soviet colleague in a Security Council debate on the Congo."

When rude hands are laid on a sovereign nation's overseas investments in a former colony, it is remarkable how quickly its fears of being overrun at home vanish. As for Henry Cabot Lodge, who has twice cast the same vote as his "Soviet colleague," he had better watch his step, or he will tarnish his image as one who knows how to talk tough to the Russians.

The Nixon Sell

Light is being shed on the would-be Presidential personality of Richard M. Nixon, some of it by the correspondents who travel with him or worship him from afar, some by Nixon himself. One of the most revealing portraits appears to be the joint product of Nixon and the Los Angeles correspondent of the New York *Times*, Gladwin Hill. It shows Nixon not only as a master politician but as one of the most adroit hidden persuaders in the country who, if he fails to achieve the Presidency, might well find his true métier as head of a great advertising agency, preferably one specializing in corn. As Hill sizes things up, it is too early in the campaign for "hippodroming," in Nixon's estimation, although the candidate could have "put them in the aisles" if he had turned on the oratory. Instead, Nixon is feeling his way, trying out "impact lines" and "audience rousers," for the purpose of "establishing an image." This image, as presently conceived (it is flexible of course), is that of the "nice guy" of humble origins. Nixon will refer, for example, to "grinding hamburger in my father's little grocery store in Yerba Linda — and it was good hamburger, too." Thus he hopes to establish a "wholesome, constructive image," and to cast his opponent, who did not have the good

fortune of a father with a little grocery store, in the role of a villain — for if there is going to be a hero, there must also be a villain.

In brief, Mr. Nixon creates the impression, in his first post-convention appearances, not so much of being a candidate for the Presidency as a bright young agency executive making a presentation for a client. But this year he is not the tactician for a party; he is himself the candidate. It is one thing when the manager instructs the candidate in how to play "the humble bit" or how to cast himself in "the nice guy" role. But it becomes a bit too palpable when the candidate coaches himself and then insists on explaining, to an admiring circle of newsmen, just what he is up to and why. It is as though a magician kept interrupting his show to give impromptu lectures on the art of conjuring.

Art and Labor

Observing that, perhaps more than ever before in its history, England is interested in music, theatre, painting and the allied arts; observing further that no one, not even its own large membership, is much interested in the labor movement, three young Britishers have boldly proposed that the trade unions themselves become patrons of the arts. Arnold Wesker, author of a play trilogy about British workers that has made him a leading figure in the contemporary theatre; Nicholas Tanburn, editor of the Oxford magazine, *Gemini*; and Bill Holdsworth, a member of the Association of Shipbuilding and Engineering Draughtsmen, have drawn up a program of action for the British unions. It is less a manifesto than a catalogue of projects: theatres should be built in areas that lack them, an existing film unit should be expanded, a trade union orchestra should be formed, a publishing house should be started to sponsor "uncommercial" writing, unions should commission works of art and should sponsor an annual show. The beauty of such an approach is that each of these proposals is valid and valuable in itself, and independent of the others. The unions can start by testing any one of them, and their first response to the trio's "mad scheme" indicates that they will very likely do so.

Now what if, say, Norman Mailer and Irving Howe were to approach Walter Reuther with a like proposal? In the 30s, when everyone had fervor, the ILGWU staged *Pins and Needles*, a satirical revue so good that lots of us today can still remember the sketches and whistle at least two of the tunes. Anything since then? The AFL-CIO is in danger of growing fat and gray with prosperity: it is integrated into the scheme of our society. It still has fights now and then, but its major battle is won. People find it hard to stay interested.

Wesker says: "Art is the heritage of the whole nation, and the trade union movement is the only body which represents . . . that majority of the community to whom

art, by tradition alone, does not yet belong." That is certainly true in America — an AFL-CIO theatre off-Broadway could begin to reverse the tradition.

Lionel's Medaris

Did you love toy trains in your youth? Or did your brother? Better still, do you love toy trains now? Did you ever love Maj. Gen. (ret.) John B. Medaris, who quit the Army six months ago to protest the Administration's lagging attitude toward space? Did you ever love Roy M. Cohn, the Grand Inquisitor of the Army in the 1954 McCarthy hearings? If you fill these specifications, this item will warm your heart. General Medaris (58) has been elected president and a director of Lionel Corporation, manufacturer of toy trains and sundries, the chairman of which is Roy Cohn (33). According to *Time*, Medaris' special qualification for the job, aside from proved administrative talent, is "a long-time fondness for electric trains. . . ."

The years have not improved Cohn's somewhat sinister photographic image: at the Lionel press con-

ference he still looked like a gargoyle on a medieval cathedral. He could have afforded a smile: since he and his associates took over Lionel nine months ago, after two years of losses, the firm earned 80 cents a share in the first half of this year, and sales are expected almost to double over 1959. As for General Medaris, he did smile, and he had reason, beside his fondness for electric trains. He will earn \$50,000 a year and he received an option to buy 20,000 shares of Lionel stock pegged at 95 per cent of the price on August 1, 1960. That was a Monday, and by the end of the week General Medaris had a paper profit of \$120,000.

Furthermore, General Medaris will still be serving his country, for Lionel, in addition to making toy trains, chemistry sets, sporting goods, etc., is in the process of acquiring an electronics company which in June received \$3,300,000 in defense contracts. Also fortunate is the fact that General Medaris is a tolerant man. Asked how it felt to work with the Army's former antagonist, he said, "Let us forgive the mistakes of youth."

HAITI: The Explosive Buffer . . . Lynn Grossberg

HAITI may be more important than anyone suspects. Situated in the politically turbulent Caribbean between the Dominican Republic and Cuba, it has been supported by the United States as a stabilizing buffer between those warring neighbors. But Haiti, under the rule of President Francois Duvalier, is likely to prove the least stable of the three. If the Duvalier government moves to the Left — where its president has threatened to take it if we fail to support him with massive injections of dollars — the shift could set off a chain reaction throughout Latin America. In fact, there is no real Communist movement in Haiti, and in further fact if we come to Duvalier's aid we shall light the train for a real explosion by supporting a corrupt, incompetent and unpopular government. It is a dilemma.

LYNN GROSSBERG has spent the past three years in Haiti as correspondent for Reuters and several American and Jamaican newspapers and magazines, and as editor of the Port-au-Prince Times.

August 20, 1960

Haiti, once the jewel of the Caribbean, is now the poorest nation of the New World, and one of the neediest on the earth. Tourists are always shocked by the living conditions of the overwhelming mass of Haitian humanity that somehow miraculously stays alive. The United States has not been indifferent to Haiti's plight. We have recently attempted large-scale development projects, as a prelude to expanding aid. But with President Duvalier at its head Haiti is not an easy country to help.

FRANCOIS DUVALIER was elected in September of 1957 with the help of a military junta headed by Brigadier General Antonio Kebreau. Despite this backing, he was thought of as an honest country doctor, dedicated to the poor peasants he claimed to represent. There were indications that he played the game of South American politics with no holds barred, but since he was in and since he wanted our collaboration, including a U.S. Marine Mission, we backed his fortunes. With Batista on the run and with Trujillo

perhaps dying, he looked like a good bet.

And he continued to look that way for some time. A quiet-spoken, bespectacled man with a shy smile and a warm personality, he seemed the picture of sincerity and dedication. He fooled many people who rallied to his call to crush the minority that had been exploiting the country for 150 years; among others, he fooled me.

As one of two foreign correspondents in the country, I was unofficial greeter of visiting journalists and other delegations. I was one of the few members of the press to accompany the President on a tour of the country, and on one occasion he stopped his forty-man entourage on an inspection to greet me and say, "I read your marvelous article." Last June, by which time I was no longer fooled, Duvalier sent me this message via my publisher: "You are *persona non grata*. Go quietly or it will be at the point of a bayonet."

In similar ways, the President has expended all his friends. Like many Latin American dictators before

him, he has sought to secure himself in office by turning on the people who put him there. General Kebreau was one of the first to go, but Duvalier has also systematically rid himself of almost all the political leaders who first provided him with a government. The Senators who took office with him cut short their final session last September to forestall a threatened entry of the police and one Senator expressed privately the hope that Trujillo wouldn't be overthrown immediately, lest revolution in the Dominican Republic spill over the border, toppling the government and bringing chaos.

As mercurial as the blood pressure that forced him to his back last summer, the whims of this brooding man play havoc with a desperate people. His former allies are disgusted and weary; they are also afraid. They are afraid not only of what Duvalier may do, but of what may happen if he falls. At the moment when Senator Jean David was being forced from the country, his colleagues rushed through his appointment as Ambassador to Japan and dashed out to the airport to see him off. He never went further than New York, but they were covering for the President.

I HAVE a list of dozens of Haitians who have died in the struggle against this regime. It is said that night shootings occur frequently at Fort Dimanche, the victims being unnamed people from the populace. A man was shot down while posting a handbill on a downtown store, another while running in a ravine after having abused a deputy to his face, others in the market place, others on the street at night. Even the main streets of once-gay Port-au-Prince are often empty by ten o'clock. Most of the middle and upper class stay at home in boycott against the regime and because they are afraid to go out. However, they are by no means safe against the brutal invasion of their homes by Duvalier's private terrorists. Most government officials carry a gun.

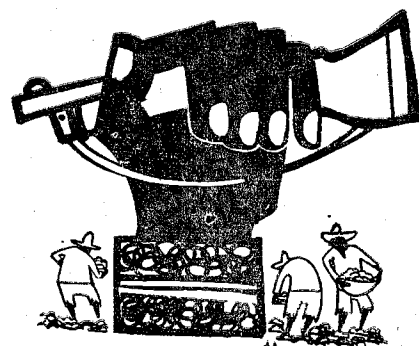
In the process of throwing out anyone conceivably dangerous to him, Duvalier has also thrown out most of the competent and honest

figures in the government. He has thoroughly damned the influence peddlers, but business with the government today can be done only by making the proposal interesting to the right person. Duvalier seems unable to do anything about graft, and as a result has involved himself in a grotesque series of abortive groundbreaking ceremonies. The President appeared with full fanfare to inaugurate the building of a mortgage bank, an airport, a shopping center, a peasant market place; the government has announced sugar plants, a hydroelectric plant, a fiberboard factory, a 500-room hotel, casino and airport for Cap Haitien and countless other projects. None of these have ever gone beyond the paper stage; they appear to be dummy operations set up for the benefit of promoters and their friends in office. Very little legitimate business has shown interest in the country, despite the tremendous potentiality. Those that do run into all kinds of trouble, often because they set up operations on the basis of great monopoly advantages that the government cannot deliver.

It is said that, whatever the corruption of his regime, the President is himself honest. Certainly he looks honest: the serious, scholarly man interested only in his books and his peasants. But the unending parade of malfeasance, misdirection and cupidity in the government closes in so tightly that it is very difficult to believe the man at the center is entirely uninvolved. It must be said, though, that however skillful Duvalier may be at staying in office, he is not very adept at running it. He bogs down in the minutiae he insists upon handling, and the last man to get his ear frames the directive. This can result in any number of people being sent in any number of directions on the same errand. When you add to this a great knack for selecting the wrong man for the wrong job, it becomes evident why the great crusade has never, as Duvalier admits, got off the ground.

It fails to do so most conspicuously in its negotiations for aid from the United States. One project that was really moving, the irrigation and development of the Artibonite Val-

ley, ground to a standstill when Duvalier insisted, over the objections of Norman Ward, I.C.A. adviser and trustee for the \$4,300,000 Development Loan Funds, on appointing a man he had himself jailed for malfeasance to a chief engineering inspection post. Ward refused to let the project become such another boondoggle as the Export Import



Bank's investment of \$25 million in the Valley's Peligre Dam. He was ejected from the country and Garvey Laurent, the young man considered most responsible for getting additional funds for the discredited project, was dumped. I was ordered from the country for putting a picture of them, captioned "Haiti's Loss," on the front page of the Port-au-Prince *Times*.

AT Cap Haitien this summer two demonstrations were staged against a Point IV regional development program called "Pote Cole," which did not provide as many jobs as the President had promised in an optimistic speech a year earlier. The top Haitian officials were run out of town, and every possible block has been put in the way of the Point IV officials. Admittedly, these latter made some mistakes: they built themselves hilltop houses, they ran around a great deal in jeeps and they failed to establish harmonious relations with the inhabitants surrounding the work. But if any worthwhile activity was going on in the country, it was in this Point IV development.

It has become clear that nothing constructive can be done from the outside if it has to be channeled through the Duvalier regime. Not only will funds so poured in fail to

materialize in physical improvements; they will keep in power a man hated at least by the politically and economically active sectors of the population. Eventually, this would only create another situation on the model of South Korea.

WHERE does President Duvalier's strength lie? He has been at war with the business interests and the upper class. The Catholic Church has been against him from the beginning, whether for class reasons or because they feared that he would end the concordat and institute complete voodooism. (Catholic ritual in the countryside has always been interwoven with voodoo symbols and ceremony). Last fall, two priests were expelled, a request was made for the recall of an archbishop and the police broke up a mass at Notre Dame Cathedral.

The trade unions, which showed some signs of life again after the flight of Magloire, have no independence now. Daniel Fignole and Pierre Delmont, the most active leaders of the movement, are both in exile. The masses of Port-au-Prince are still fanatically devoted to Fignole.

In general, the inarticulate peasants and a portion of the middle-class professionals originally gave Duvalier his main support. How the peasants feel today, other than hungry, it would be hard to say.

They have had promises but no food.

For all practical purposes it is an intellectual and professional clique and an armed band, plus the regular army, that has kept Duvalier in power. He has had a clever way with the army, twice stripping it of its general staff and elevating bright young officers to their places. There are signs that the armed gang is now being broken up; if it goes, the army officers are likely to hold the balance of power, as the army has done so often in the past.

The leaders of the gang were the strapping, revenge-ridden Prefect Lucien Chauvet and Duvalier's fanatic secretary, the slight, machine gun-toting Clement Barbot. They did the most to discredit the regime and the most to keep it in power. They maintained "order" according to the whims of a doctor turned dictator. The July arrest of Duvalier's loyal executioner, Barbot, was nothing less than sensational. This, with the arrest of many of his close associates (including young Lebanese merchants who have appeared recently in high management positions at the gambling casino), the disarming of the civilian police and the reported presidential chastisement of the swaggering Chauvet, suggests a shake-up of the palace coterie that could lead anywhere.

If his inability to run an orderly government were to cost Duvalier

the major part of his U. S. funds, would he look elsewhere? It has been said that his advisers are turning him to the Left, but Left theoreticians themselves believe he would crack if he tried it. The government has no base in any class and is incapable of any real planning. There are few estates to be broken up or industries to seize. Hollow demagoguery is the best he could offer and it would probably get him into deeper trouble. Meanwhile, we are being held responsible for keeping an impossible government in power. What responsible Haitians want above all is for the United States to withdraw all aid from Duvalier, and thus pave the way for the return of Louis Dejoie, Fignole and Gaston Jumelle from exile. These, the most popular candidates, could then participate in an election under UN supervision. Indeed the ideal solution, to guarantee stability, would be an agreement by these leaders to distribute cabinet posts according to popular vote, and thus employ Haiti's most able men.

The feeling against Duvalier was so intense in Port-au-Prince when I left on June 30, that everyone said I would soon be able to come back. Dr. Duvalier, of course, does not share the view. In fact he sees himself as Haiti's mystically chosen leader and is consolidating himself for another term by building houses for his young army colonels. Little else is being built in Haiti.

U.S.A. 1960

THE CASE of the MISSING PURPOSE . . . *Hans Meyerhoff*

"THE GREAT debate is on," said the speaker at our annual commencement exercises. Launched with the imprimatur of *Life* and *The New York Times*, the great debate had come to Los Angeles—the point of no return.

HANS MEYERHOFF is the author of Time and Literature and the editor of The Philosophy of History in Our Time. He teaches philosophy at the University of California.

August 20, 1960

What's at stake in the great debate? Nothing less than the fate of the national purpose. It's not a question of defense policies or civil rights: "These are minor arguments," as the magazine *America* informs us. No, the debate—"the greatest debate," according to *Newsweek*—goes to the heart of the matter. It is looking for the national purpose. It seems we have lost it, and something is wrong with America, because we can't find the missing purpose.

"What's wrong with America?" is the challenge which *U.S. News and World Report* hurls at its panel of experts in religion, history, science and philosophy. "What shall we do with our greatness?" ask the editors of *Life*. If they don't know, there must be something wrong, and it's time to bring in the experts. "I didn't know the anxiety was so widespread," Mr. Steinbeck reports upon returning from abroad. I didn't either until I looked at the record and encounter-

ed the same gloomy refrain: "Something has gone wrong in America." A spirit of discontent, uneasiness, bewilderment, apprehension, alarm, anxiety, yes, "downright fear" has seized the nation as a result of the missing purpose.

But what are they talking about in the name of the national purpose? This is not easy to come by, but if I read the experts right, they are chiefly worried on two counts:

First, they are worried because we don't have a political purpose. We don't have political ideals and goals which inspire us—and the rest of the world—with confidence. In this sense, the lack of national purpose is a lack of political purpose.

Second, they are worried about the state of our collective souls. Like ancient Rome as made in Hollywood, we are a powerful and prosperous nation, without equal in the world, but we are also a corrupt and decadent people. Why? Because living is too easy, or because we make a mess out of the "good life" in America. In this sense, the case of the missing purpose is a case of human beings missing their purpose in life.

These two complaints touch upon two sets of ideals which have expressed something like the national purpose in the history of the United States—civil liberty and democracy in politics, prosperity and technological progress in the human world. "America and its discontents," then, must mean that these ideals leave something to be desired in the light of reality.

Walter Lippmann usually gets credit for having kicked off the present search for the missing purpose; and it is to his credit, I believe, that he usually talks politics. Thus, when he conducts an "Anatomy of Discontent," the analysis deals with the concrete issue of our foreign policy vis-à-vis the Soviet bloc, and Mr. Lippmann comes up with a specific diagnosis. We extend ourselves in our political commitments beyond our capacity and willingness to fulfill them. Perhaps that *is* a cause for concern. Again, Mr. Stevenson remembers that the national purpose, whatever it may be, deserves to be spelled out in terms of domestic issues such as inflation and integra-

tion, private opulence and public squalor, defense spending and education. Or, suppose we go along with Mr. Sarnoff and say "freedom [must] regain the initiative." Why not? There is never enough freedom to go around. So let us pass "a bill to establish a Freedom Academy of 'cold war' specialists—what *Life* called a Political West Point" and let us set up "a liberation force, a volunteer formation from captive nations" as part of our "strategy for victory." That's another way of catching the missing purpose.

Whether we catch it or not, it is at least relatively clear what the national purpose is all about in this political context. It means: what shall we do with our greatness—in terms of political and economic action? If the experts are right, we don't know. Now, this may be true, but I doubt whether it is a cause of general distress and creeping discontent. A great many people, to be sure, are worried and anxious about something or other, but where is the great debate in the name of politics? Perhaps *it* got lost, not the national purpose.

THE GREAT debates in the nation have always been political. Of course, they have invoked, as in the Declaration of July 4, 1776, philosophical ideas and moral principles, but, as Mr. MacLeish observes correctly, "we were never a very philosophical people after Jefferson and his contemporaries left us." The genius of American politics and the reality of the democratic process lay elsewhere: in bringing abstract ideas down to earth, in applying them to a specific situation, or in expressing them in a concrete project, whether political or economic. This was the case in the great debate at the founding of the nation. It did not set out in search of manifest destiny. It defined the national purpose in terms of a concrete constitutional system. This was the case in the great debate over slavery, and this was still the case in the lesser debates over Reconstruction, the League of Nations, the New Deal and isolationism.

As compared with these debates, it's sort of quiet around the house. Even when U-2 descends on us, we

keep quiet or conduct an embarrassed inquiry into the "incident"—behind closed doors. That shows we are mature, but it also shows that politics seems to have been shelved for the duration. If U-2 cannot generate a debate, what can? And what can we, the people, do about it? We can, of course, always schedule another debate for the Presidential election. But will it force the moment to a crisis? Will it present a genuine option, "forced, living, and momentous," as William James defined it? Of course not. Our national elections, as Dwight MacDonald wrote recently, "have become elaborate techniques for avoiding rather than resolving issues." Yet, we go through the motions of looking for the missing purpose and spend millions of dollars on the missing debate. Perhaps there is something wrong here, after all.

Even the President seems to think so. (Maybe some purpose is missing at the 19th hole.) He has set up a "Commission on National Goals" and charged its members "to sound a call for greatness." Why not? If Khrushchev can set goals by commissars, what's wrong with goals by commission? It's tempting to say, with James Reston, that the case of the missing purpose is a case of absentee leadership, but that is not the whole story. Who could say more than Ike and hope to be as popular? Who would dare say more and hope to be elected? And who would listen to a great debate? There are so many other things to listen to. Meanwhile, the national purpose is quite safe in the files of the commission.

THERE IS, as I was saying, another voice crying for a national purpose. It's the voice of the preacher. The call for greatness is also a call for a moral and spiritual revival.

I confess I wasn't prepared for this campaign of moral rearmament nor for some of the purple language which promotes it. But if the experts are right, we are really in bad shape. This is the age "of the shrug" and of "the emptiness of the heart"; or, if you prefer, ours is a society of "cynical immorality," "spiritual flabbiness" and "dry rot." We are a na-

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tion of idolaters worshipping the Golden Calf—the bitch goddess of success and money. We are wallowing in a pool of iniquity brewed by peyote and payola. In short, we are a fat, lazy, selfish and corrupt people.

This is quite a different dish of tea. It's the human, moral or cultural context of the case of the missing purpose. It's not the search for a political purpose. It's a kind of collective soul-searching. It's not a shot in the arm to cure a case of political anemia. It's a confession of anomy.

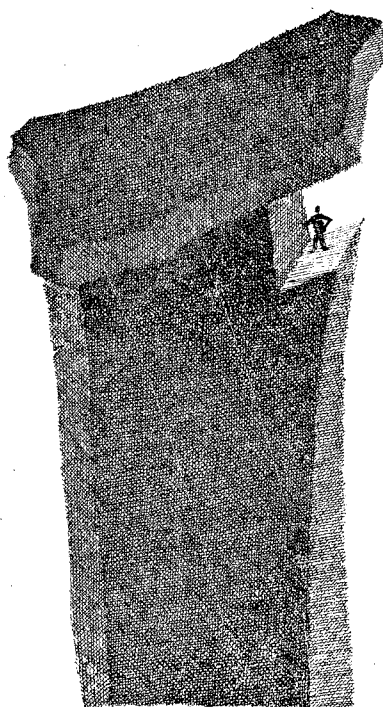
Thus, the great debate is a great confession as well, a public ritual to purge the nation of the sins and evil ways into which it has fallen. There is nothing new about these purges as such, whether they expose public crimes and corruption or private scandals. We have always had them, and provided these exposés hit at specific targets and drove the “bastards” out of office, they served a perfectly legitimate purpose. But this latest confession seems to be rather different: it sounds a general, non-specific alarm and says something quite subversive—that something is wrong with the American way of life itself.

Here is Mr. MacLeish's summing-up of the case:

We are richer than any nation before us. We have more things in our garages and kitchens and cellars than Louis Quatorze had in the whole of Versailles. We have come nearer to the suppression of grinding poverty than even the nineteenth century Utopians thought seriously possible. We have wiped out many of the pests and scourges of humanity. We have lengthened men's lives and protected their infancy. We have advanced science to the edges of the inexplicable and hoisted our technology to the sun itself. . . .

Yet, all these achievements to the contrary notwithstanding, “something is wrong and we know it.” Says the Reverend Billy Graham: “We over-eat, over-drink, over-sex, and over-play. . . . We have tried to fill ourselves with science and education, with better living and pleasure . . . but we are still empty and bored.” Mr. Steinbeck, too, has suddenly discovered that Americans have been made rotten by wealth and prosperity: “Having too many things, they spend their hours and money on the

couch searching for a soul.” “There is reason to suspect,” says the Reverend Thurston N. Davis, “that what we are really worried about is that the whole kit and caboodle of our American way of life — missiles and credit cards, Cadillacs and pop-up toasters, our freedoms, fun, filters and foolishness—is about to go down the drain.” And here is Mr. Stevenson with a felicitous contribution to the same theme: “With the supermarket as our temple and the singing commercial as our litany, are we likely to fire the world with an irresistible



Lowell Naeye:
from *The Phantasies of a Prisoner*

vision of America's exalted purpose and inspiring way of life?”

Of course not. There is something wrong here, and the critics of America have always said so. But they have said so in America, as Mr. Steinbeck knows. Other writers and poets, from Henry James to Henry Miller, went abroad because they felt lost in the air-conditioned nightmare at home. For Scott Fitzgerald, the vision of “the last and greatest of all dreams” drowned in the swimming pool of the Gatsby estate. Even Thomas Wolfe, who believed in “America's everlasting, living dream,” confessed that “we are all lost in America” and that “the life which we have fashioned . . . and which has fashioned us . . . was self-destructive . . . and must be de-

stroyed.” “The Virgin and the Dynamo” have always signified irreconcilable aspects of American life. The literary imagination, with few exceptions, has always said “no” to the way of life fashioned by the commercial and technical genius of America.

THUS, not even the mood of disenchantment itself is new. What *is* new is that an “agonizing reappraisal” of the American way of life can now be conducted profitably in the pages of the mass media. What used to be a private preoccupation, or neurosis, of the unhappy few has become respectable copy addressed to the uneasy many. “Never before in history has a people enjoyed the mass prosperity now to be found in this country. . . . Yet, never have there been such widespread signs of deep uneasiness.”

But what's wrong with prosperity? Nothing. And just how prosperous are the Okies of the sixties? And what is Khrushchev's idea of a national purpose? To out-produce, out-butter, and out-milk the United States. And why not? That's the *inter*-national purpose. Everybody is going our way trying to catch up with American production and the American standard of living. The fact is that there is nothing wrong with prosperity that more prosperity for more people wouldn't cure.

Then why the sound and fury? Sputnik, it would seem, was a shock on a much deeper level than the military. “They” beat us at our own game, and if they did it on the moon, who knows where they might do it again? Thus we need a sense of national purpose in order to compete with the challenge of communism in the world. The stakes are high. If we don't find the missing purpose, we might lose the game. In fact, the need for a purpose seems to fluctuate inversely with the fortunes of the cold war. As it cools off, we grow more anxious about the missing purpose; as it grows hotter, we regain our sense and soul. “There has been a lot of writing and talking lately about our ‘purpose,’” said the *Los Angeles Times* in a front-page editorial after the troubles in Japan. “Some of it . . . has been pretty

fuzzy. The Japanese incident ought to bring our true purpose into focus. . . . There is enough [here] to supply purpose to every American. If he cannot find it in the shocking evidence, his soul and understanding are as dead as his body is likely to be presently, dead and ready for the burial that Nikita Khrushchev promised him." When the great debate comes to Los Angeles, it has obviously passed the point of no return.

The cold war, however, has another dimension. It has entangled us in the affairs of the world on an unprecedented scale and within the brief span of a generation. Thus we are up against a problem which is quite new in American history: to justify our way of life in the encounter with other nations, not only the Soviet Union. We have not had to do this before. To all those weary and hungry, oppressed and persecuted who came to these shores, America needed no justification. Liberty, work and the prospects of prosperity were more than enough to bring home the blessings of America and set them off sharply against the curses of the Old World.

This has changed. Now we must sell our "image" to the world and employ a special corps of technicians, the image merchants, for this purpose. And suddenly this summer, we discover that our commercials are not catching everywhere and that our traveling salesmen are not always welcome.

Why not? Surely not because we come bearing candy, washing machines, fertilizer, or electric-power plants. These goods move everywhere. The have-nots want them as much as the haves. But do they want them on our terms? Are the methods of free enterprise which produced progress and prosperity in nineteenth-century America necessarily the best for India or Indonesia? Of course not. And why do we usually put a political tag on the gifts we distribute? Why not try a revolutionary idea and say, we have come to make the underdeveloped nations economically viable so that they may become politically neutral—independent of both power blocs? Who knows? Such a message might be quite welcome. We don't need

advanced bases to blow each other off the face of the earth. We can do so just as well by remote control.

Again, there is nothing wrong with advancing the cause of civil liberties among the Negroes in the South or in South Africa. I am sure we are most welcome. But it's rather difficult to move forward on all fronts at the same time. The purposes of bases and business do not necessarily advance the cause of liberty and democracy. In other words, the means we employ to achieve one objective may defeat the ends of another. Thus, what are we doing in the name of freedom, say, in Spain or Taiwan? We have the fireworks at home, but where is the shot heard around the world?

PERHAPS there is a lesson here, after all. We don't "enjoy" freedom as an abstract ideal. We enjoy it in action, and if we don't, or dare not, act lest we rock the bipartisan boat and lose military bases or oil concessions—of course, freedom is empty and purpose is missing. We don't "enjoy" prosperity as such either. We enjoy what we can do with it, and if we do nothing but play golf and watch the world go by on TV—of course, prosperity is empty and purpose is missing.

Which makes for another lesson even more elementary. In one of his confident moods, the President reassured his people that there were no grounds for defeatism because "the free-enterprise system produces more—not only more happiness . . . but also more goods, more wealth." That's putting the cart before the horse; besides, it's patently false. Free enterprise is not the golden key to happiness any more than is a collective economy. For once, the preachers are right: there is much more to being human and happy than being free and wealthy. Liberty and prosperity are necessary for enjoying the "good life," whatever that may be, but they are not enough. They do not make us human. On the contrary, we become the human beings we are by what we make of them.

This lesson seems to run counter to the national myth that the blessings we count on the Fourth make

ours the best of all possible worlds. But this is an illusion, or a form of self-deception, which cannot but cause us anxiety and discontent when it is challenged. Others don't necessarily think so. And we don't necessarily think so when we encounter the ways of life which other peoples have fashioned for themselves. We lose nothing of real value by getting rid of the illusion, and we may gain something of value by appropriating what other cultures have created in their pursuit of happiness.

Thus, the two purposes—political and human—are not unrelated. The private world we live in is deeply affected by the public world we create. Yet it also pays to keep the two worlds distinct: it's easier to see what's going on in the name of the national purpose, if we do. It's easier to sort out sense from nonsense. Some people seem to enjoy sessions of collective soul-searching; these sessions may even serve a therapeutic purpose; but they are a dubious substitute for political action. In fact, they reinforce attitudes of withdrawal from public action, thus playing into the hands of political interests that exploit apathy and abuse morality. For when God, morality and the depravity of the human condition are tossed into the same political pot, it is still safe to suspect we are being had.

Moreover, the distinction is worth making for the benefit of politics as well as humanity. We can do more for both if we keep them apart. A great deal would be accomplished if we could give politics back to the people. For how can they have a sense of purpose if they don't have a sense of power? Political purpose is spelled out in the power to make decisions, not in a debate on abstract principles or pious platitudes. Thus it would mean much to revive politics as usual—i.e., a live, active concern about those issues and decisions in public life with regard to which political action is both possible and necessary. The prospects for such a revival are, to put it mildly, not too encouraging.

Yet even if politics were to recover from its present state of disability and desuetude, this would not solve the human equation. Politics is a

means, not the end of human life. Political action is neither possible nor desirable with regard to the purposes we choose to make us human. Thus "democracy is not enough" either. Human beings may (and should) use democratic processes in order to create conditions which make it possible to pursue happiness and produce culture. But democracy doesn't have a monopoly on what's good for humanity. Much remains to be done for human life after politics has done its work. Thus, in principle, political action is subordinate to ends and values beyond politics. Political authority is limited, and rightly so. It deceives, as does any other authority, when it equates its own interests with the interests of humanity.

THIS IS PART of the American political tradition which is worth recalling at a time when the human, or cultural, dilemma is no longer our private affair. The virus of discontent is spreading. What are the young men angry about? There is no room at the top—for human excellence. Prosperity is the world's purpose, and the politics of the welfare state is producing its own mid-

dle-class structure and its own popular culture in the American image. The English, too, like the worst TV programs best. They also enjoy exhaust fumes and traffic congestions on lost weekends. Leisure, as Malcolm Muggeridge has said, is the new opiate of the people. "The vague picture of the future," writes William Golding, "which our political parties deduce for us as a desirable thing is limitless prosperity, health to enable us to live out a dozen television charters, more of everything. . . ." No doubt future generations will welcome these blessings. "They will have a far less brutish life than their nineteenth-century ancestors. . . . They will believe less and fear less. But just as bad money drives out good, so inferior culture drives out superior." And look at the "Little America" called West Germany: the *Wirtschaftswunder* with a vengeance! "Is the 'affluent society' obsolete?" asks a Canadian reporter calling for a "national examination of conscience." The "good life," it seems, is just too good for everybody. "The business of not working," *Life* informs us in its issue on "The Good Life," "now runs to \$40 billion a

year"—"disposable dollars" spent on the ever-increasing "disposable time," as *Life* puts it, in order to make sure that it will go down with the garbage.

Ah, but there are always the Russians and the Chinese and the have-nots everywhere. They have a national purpose. They know where they are going. And we are envious. But why? In politics, we let them keep alive a revolutionary ideology (long since discarded in the Soviet Union) which puts us on the defensive because ours is put on the inactive list. And, in human terms, of course, they are hungry and have a long way to go in the kitchen debate. But they'll get there, and when they do, they will also have a great debate on what to do about being human in their spare time.

No, the American dilemma will be everybody's dilemma before long, because the American way of life is setting the pace and the goal for human life everywhere. The great debate is a kind of preview of the shape of things to come. Before long we'll all go fishing in the same boat—"fishing for fun is now a \$2.6 billion a year business"—fishing for the missing purpose.

PIN-STRIPE JURIES . . by Laurence Barrett

THE FEDERAL COURT in New York City either cannot or will not recruit jury panels that represent proportionately all sectors of the population. And the situation is presumably not much different elsewhere in the country.

There is no overt or covert system of discrimination. Gone are the days when potential veniremen were selected from *Who's Who*, the *Social Register* and similarly loaded sources. Yet lawyers who practice in the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York State agree that trial juries here are head and shoulders above the citizenry at large in

terms of education and socio-economic position.

Whether this furthers or obstructs justice in the district—which includes Manhattan, the Bronx and nine counties to the north, and is one of the busiest in the country—is another matter. Lawyers, litigants, prosecutors and defense attorneys in all courts praise juries in victory and condemn them in defeat.

But if one believes that the hal- lowed phrase "a jury of one's peers" means a genuine cross section of the community, then there is no doubt that the practice is at variance with the concept. A look at a typical panel drawn recently in the district from the array of some 20,000 qualified candidates gives an indication of the state of things.

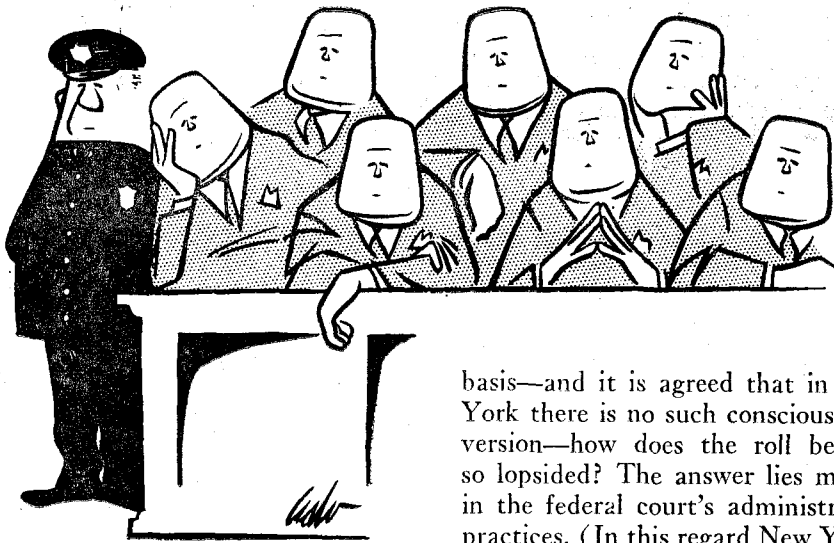
Ordinarily, a panel of about 300 is chosen blindly out of the hopper twice a month. During the summer, only 175 are picked at each drawing. The list for the first half of July, as compiled by the Jury Clerk's office, carries a description of each tales- man's occupation. I broke down the roster to the seven categories listed below:

Business-managerial	59
Professional	46
White-collar and skilled workers	48
Housewives	12
Retired	4
Semi-skilled and unskilled workers	4
Not classified	2
	175

Because of the brevity of the Jury

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Clerk's entries five of the names could have been put in more than one category. My decisions were, of course, arbitrary. But even if one presumes there was a small margin of error, it seems clear that a large majority—105 out of 175 by my count—represented the higher strata of society. (The figure of 105 is reached by adding the professionals and the business-managerial persons.)

The lowest level of the socio-economic scale got scant consideration. The white collar-skilled worker segment, while not ignored, was not represented in proportion to its great size. Despite the city's large Latin American community, not one Spanish name was on the list. Women made up less than a quarter of the roster.

WHEN one considers the array as a whole—an array is the total list of qualified candidates, in this instance comprising about 20,000 persons—it is seen that only two and a half counties are represented out of the eleven which comprise the district. Only residents of Manhattan, the Bronx and lower Westchester, which immediately adjoins the city on the north, are called to jury duty. This is because the court does not choose to pay traveling expenses for those who live more than twenty-five miles from the Federal Courthouse in lower Manhattan. Thus there is a *de facto* exclusion of upstate citizens.

If there is no systematic exclusion of groups except on a geographic

basis—and it is agreed that in New York there is no such conscious subversion—how does the roll become so lopsided? The answer lies mainly in the federal court's administrative practices. (In this regard New York's Southern District has much in common with other federal districts.)

THE LAW leaves the selection of federal jurors up to the individual district. In practice, the responsibility for picking and choosing rests with the Jury Clerk and the Jury Commissioner. The clerk is a full-time functionary; the commissioner, working on a *per diem* basis, merely contributes his presence at certain times to certify that the physical fishing out of names from a basket is done blindly. The commissioner also has certain other relatively unimportant duties.

Our interest here is with how the names get into the basket in the first place. The law does not dictate any specific means. It states: "Any citizen who has attained the age of twenty-one years and resides within the judicial district is competent to serve as a grand or petit juror. . . ."

The statute then excludes certain obvious types: convicted criminals, persons who cannot read, write, speak and understand English, those afflicted with serious mental or physical illnesses, members of the armed forces on active duty, public officials and full-time policemen and firemen. In addition, the district judge may order the exclusion of "any class or group of persons" in the "public interest." This is done rarely. Elimination of groups for reasons of race or color is specifically prohibited.

Today, virtually all candidates for federal jury service in the Southern District of New York are drawn from lists of registered voters. Court of-

ficials insist—and there is no evidence to the contrary—that the election districts and names are both chosen at random. But dependence on voting lists for jurors immediately prejudices the lower-income group, in which the percentage of registered voters is smaller than in the higher economic groups.

Postcards go out to the persons selected, summoning them to appear "for examination as to your competency and qualification to serve as a juror."

The examination consists of a questionnaire and personal interview, both administered by the Jury Clerk or one of his assistants. The seventeen-part questionnaire includes questions as to the precise nature of the person's occupation and his educational background. According to one assistant jury clerk, the interviewer seeks to establish whether the person is of "reasonable intelligence." The interviewer makes this decision on his own.

ABOUT half of the prospective talesemen are eliminated at this stage, many because of financial hardship. Federal jurors receive an allowance of only \$7 a day, plus traveling expenses of ten cents a mile. To a family man earning \$70 or \$80 a week, this could mean a 50 per cent reduction in income. Thus exemptions on financial grounds alone remove large numbers of low-income citizens from the jury lists.

In discussing juror selection, Chief Judge Sylvester Ryan of the Southern District said in an interview: "What we try to do is get a good cross section of the population." By and large, he contended, the court succeeds. In the next breath, he acknowledged that there are "difficulties"—the exodus from the city of the middle classes, the arrival of a less stable element, language difficulties on the part of some of the newcomers. "It is important to have jurors who are accustomed to dealing with large sums of money and economic issues," Judge Ryan added.

This very point seems to weigh heavily in the decision on an individual's competence to serve as a federal juror. Civil cases tend to be extremely complex. Rarely does

either side object to a jury that leans toward the blue-ribbon side.

NUMEROUS criminal cases tried in various Federal District Courts have been appealed on the basis of allegedly unrepresentative array. Other appeals have been pegged on charges of a bad trial jury itself. Only in rare instances—when deliberate exclusion of large groups of persons could be proved—have the appeals been successful.

Circuit courts and the United States Supreme Court have held repeatedly that a fair trial does not depend on proportional representation of all sectors of society. One of the best-known cases involved a group of Communists convicted under the Smith Act. The appeal was based on three points: the absence

of an appreciable number of Negroes and Puerto Ricans from the array, the alleged failure of the Jury Clerk to obtain a good cross section of the community, and the resulting preponderance of members of the "owner-management" group.

The negative decision on the appeal said, in part:

Defendants have no vested right in any particular method of [jury] selection, so long as the resulting array be not the product of intentional and systematic discrimination.

Once on the array of qualified candidates, a citizen can be called to serve frequently, occasionally, or never. He cannot be called more often than every two years. His name is stricken from the array only in the event of death, incapacitating illness, removal from the district, as-

sumption of an occupation on the exempt list, conviction of a felony, or passing of his seventieth birthday.

This facet of the system causes the same persons to be called time after time. Additions to the array are made gradually, as the need develops, thus allowing for great selectivity. The suggestion has been made that large segments of the array should be replaced periodically. This proposal meets with little sympathy from the bench.

In fact, a committee of federal judges now concluding a study of the jury system for the Judicial Conference of the United States, an advisory group of federal jurists, finds little of substance to criticize in the present operations. The outlook is for an indefinite continuation of the *status quo*.

EICHMANN and OURSELVES . . by Stuart Palmer

SIX MILLION Jews, including one million children, were killed by the Germans and clearly Adolf Eichmann played a continuing part in these murders. This was not mass murder; there is no such thing. Individuals die separately, one by one. Try to envision the murder of one unique human being every minute of every day for eleven and a half years and you will have some idea of the magnitude of this violence.

The fundamental question here is not whether Argentina's rights were violated by Israel, not whether international or Israeli law allows for a trial of Eichmann, and certainly not whether Eichmann is guilty. Even if one adopts the view that he was acting under orders from Heydrich, Himmler and Hitler, there is definite evidence that he went beyond those orders. He was not ordered to cause the death of twenty-seven British fliers at Terezin in 1945, but he did so.

The fundamental question is how men can proceed so that children do

not grow up to be Hitlers and Eichmanns.

IN 1906, in the Ruhr, in the city of Solingen, Karl Adolf Eichmann was born, the eldest of four sons. His parents were middle class, his father an electrical engineer. There is some evidence that the mother was a domineering, aggressive woman and the father a weak, dependent and passive man. When Karl Adolf was four years old, his mother died while giving birth to the youngest son. The father moved, with the four children, to the Austrian city of Linz. Eventually, the father remarried.

In Linz and Vienna the teen-age Karl Adolf, or Adolf as he was later known, made friends with Jews, seemed to like the warmth of the Jewish middle-class way of life. At the same time, he began attending National Socialist gatherings. He heard Hitler speak, was impressed, then in 1931 joined the Nazi Party of Austria. At that point a low-paid salesman for an oil company, Eichmann was attracted by the action-centered approach of the developing Nazis.

Because of his friendship with Jew-

ish families, Eichmann spoke Yiddish. Also, he was frequently judged because of facial structure and coloring to be a Jew. As he left a bar one evening in that same year of 1931, young followers of Hitler accosted him, beat him into semi-consciousness. Recovered, he broke with his Jewish friends and joined a group of young toughs who spent their spare time in Jew-baiting.

It was during this period, also, that he fell from a motorcycle, suffered injuries of the head and was hospitalized for several weeks. It is interesting that in a recent study, by the author, of fifty-one United States murderers, head injuries, dominating mothers and passive fathers were found to be relatively common among the murderers.*

Eichmann moved to Germany in 1933, became a regular party worker, then an S.S. member, soon was a sergeant. Two years later he married Veronica Liebl, who is his wife today. S.S. General Reinhardt Heydrich spotted him as a potential leader of the assault on the Jews and in

*A *Study of Murder*. By Stuart Palmer. Thomas Y. Crowell. \$4.95.

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1941 Eichmann was placed in command of the Jewish Central Emigration office, the position from which he directed the killings of the six million persons.

His Nazi superiors considered Eichmann a genius of organization. New methods of death were perfected, new methods of disposing of the bodies were painstakingly developed under his guidance. He traveled widely, arranging for consignments of Jews, checking carefully the various phases of the operation, noting the efficiency of his subordinates.

The smaller children usually cried because of the strangeness of being undressed . . . , but when their mothers or members of the Special Detachment comforted them, they became calm and entered the gas chambers, playing or joking with one another and carrying their toys.

I noticed that women who either guessed or knew what awaited them nevertheless found the courage to joke with the children to encourage them, despite the mortal terror visible in their own eyes.

One woman approached me as she walked past and, pointing to her four children who were manfully helping the smallest ones over the rough ground, whispered: "How can you bring yourself to kill such beautiful, darling children? Have you no heart at all?"

This was written by Rudolf Hoess, commandant of one of Eichmann's death camps. He was convicted of war crimes at Nuremberg and then ordered to write an account of his activities, which was published in 1960 as *Commandant of Auschwitz* by the World Publishing Company.

Eichmann is supposed to have said in 1944, "I shall leap into my grave laughing because the feeling that I have the death of five million people on my conscience will be for me a source of extraordinary satisfaction." Those who knew him well describe Eichmann as a composed, business-like, firm yet courteous man. As a child he had been exceedingly withdrawn but in his years of power he was sociable, drank heavily, but not to the extent that his efficiency was impaired, had a reputation for sexual lust.

At present, evidence concerning Eichmann's basic personality is

scant at best. Tentative speculation is that he was and is highly intelligent, extremely insecure, ridden with repressed aggression. There are indications that he is compulsive and beset by strong, latent homosexual tendencies.

With the war's end Eichmann went in hiding near Linz. Soon he changed his tactics, impersonated a *Luftwaffe* private and allowed himself to be captured by United States troops. In 1946 he escaped, hid in the forests, went to Rome and Madrid, to Buenos Aires. Working first as an engineering supervisor and then as a clerk in an auto-assembly plant, he earned a small reputation for efficiency. He called himself Ricardo Klementz. His wife and children had rejoined him and in the town of San Fernando, outside of Buenos Aires, he built a small home. He became a commuter.

And then on May 11, 1960, Eichmann was captured near his home by Israeli commandos. He is reported to have said, "I realize there is no point in continuing to evade justice. I declare myself willing to proceed to Israel and to stand trial before a competent court. . . . I want at last to achieve inner peace."

WITH the story briefly told, the fundamental question remains: How can men proceed so that children do not grow up to be Hitlers and Eichmanns? What could be done about the Eichmann case that would further this end?

Eichmann could be understood. There could be a massive attempt to seek out the social, cultural, psychological factors which drove his actions. What were the cultural forces at work in Germany which allowed a situation to develop where a Hitler and an Eichmann filled a need in the members of the society? And needed they were, or they would not have flourished. What experiences molded Eichmann's personality? What was the nature of this personality that could fill that need in German society? Here is an individual case study within a societal case study, both of which are of the utmost significance if we are ever to make strides toward solution of the problem of how violence develops.

There are those who will say that Eichmann is a monster and should be exterminated. There are those who will ask why should the Jews be expected to be "better" than other people; that is, why should the Jews avoid capital punishment in the Eichmann case? And there are those who will say that to ask for understanding of Eichmann is to ask too much. Understanding of human beings does not seem to be a popular goal. When crimes of violence are involved, and these in almost overpowering numbers, the desire to understand becomes even less widespread.

But what more effective way is there of trying to reduce a problem, in this case violence, than to understand what produces it? If individuals let that very violence sway them from the rational to the emotional, then the result is only a strengthening of the vicious circle.

Let me be more direct about this: terrible as Eichmann's crimes were, if one is going to insist on being negatively emotional about him, on putting him beyond the sphere of human beings, on putting him beyond understanding, then the whole human attempt to achieve reasonable, non-violent, productive order probably cannot prevail.

Eichmann could be incarcerated, studied carefully in the context of his cultural and social background. Certainly, it is doubtful that his redemption as a constructive human being could be achieved; but the attempt would in itself be symbolically important. Once it is admitted that any human being is beyond redemption, then failure in the general effort to reduce broad-scale human problems is admitted.

Staggeringly monstrous as Eichmann's actions have been, there were causes for those actions and they can be comprehended. Like it or not, it may be well to keep in mind that Eichmann was once a two-year-old who played in the sand as my child is doing now. The case of Eichmann is the grand opportunity to put constructive rational action ahead of destructive self-defeating emotionalism in the human march toward non-violence. In all likelihood that opportunity will not be grasped.

The NATION

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Gigantic and Loving Fight

THE DYMAXION WORLD OF BUCKMINSTER FULLER. By Robert W. Marks. Reinhold Publishing Co. 232 pp. \$12.

David Cort

BUCKMINSTER FULLER can write for himself, but usually in a specialized language. Robert Marks's work comes, therefore, as a translation of Fuller into at least the English of the schools. As such, putting part of the Fuller mathematics and philosophy out in the open where they can be scholastically seen, assayed and handled, it may very possibly, even probably, open a revolution in thought. Fuller is not a philosopher in the mere sense of playing with semantics, but in the rare sense of struggling with the observed facts of life, or what he calls "the universe." It is always moving to watch one man engaged in this gigantic and loving fight, alone, overmatched and unblinking. And here, in this book, released from the bondage of the Fuller private dialectic, anyone can see the epic combat.

In the first chapter, when I found Dr. Marks translating the Fuller concepts—"valving," "regenerative," "synergy," "macro-micro-oscillocosm," "event constellations," etc.—it became evident that at last out of these concepts a visible explosion was taking place on the printed page. The experience of seeing them take shape in an assimilable idiom is much like seeing a genie rise out of a bottle on the beach and look around for the problem to be solved.

Since the book is itself a review of Fuller's work, a "review" would require quoting it in full; condensation of Dr. Marks's condensation is beyond my ability. He traces Fuller's point of view to Occam and Descartes: specifically, to "Occam's Razor," that assumptions must never be multiplied beyond absolute necessity (which ended a lot of medieval nonsense), and to Descartes' interest in "the totality of possible events." To operate between this classic negative and this positive requires both high discipline and high adventure. The combination is rare, and when it occurs, something is likely to happen.

The dymaxion house, car, bathroom, map, geometry, etc., presently happened, but in social terms nothing much

happened, for about twenty-five years. In this fascinating period, Fuller's failure to cash in seemed to Henry Luce of *Life* and some dowagers to represent simply "failure," in the sense that the playwright, Arthur Miller, writes that "a failure in society and in business has no right to live." Fuller and his universe evidently did not know what Luce and Miller were talking about. For in fact Fuller was producing prototypes of things of vast potential use to "society and business," things that worked, were efficient and cheaply made. Society wasn't interested, *at that moment*, but the apathy did not dismay, or slow down Fuller, or even interest him in the irony that the "failure" was American society's. Dr. Marks's later chapters implicitly describe the painful satire on the American business world corresponding to Fuller's "failure." Actually the joke gets better all the time, but Fuller would not appreciate it; he is not at all interested in such ironies.

IN THE existing world, Fuller's position is necessarily confusing. The philosopher designation would be acceptable and harmless, except that he has been on the payrolls of big corporations like Armour, Phelps-Dodge and Time, Inc., and not invisible. Like Socrates, Fuller has known "everybody," he goes out in society, he is an old-school gentleman, he used to go to night clubs, he answers anybody's question at length and gladly suffers fools; he is physically powerful, able and gentle. One cannot escape the comparison to Socrates, himself a great gentleman, and a very patient one. But Fuller also has a staff of lawyers who carefully defend his innumerable patents, he constantly lectures at all the leading universities, and a kindly cynicism that is quite unnatural to him has lifted him out of the category of "mad inventor," a designation that never fitted the actual man.

Fuller is in the world; he has to be dealt with face to face. He may walk into a great corporation's board meeting; he may walk out of a Maine surf; he may be seen sculling a stalled motorboat in the Thousand Islands; or talking in the quadrangle of a South African University; or lecturing in Rangoon or Tokyo; or making a gentle point to Prime Minister Nehru; or clambering over one of his structures at any one

of two score American universities. Whoever you are, he will try to meet you on your own terms and translate them to those of the universe, again like Socrates. All very well. But what kind of creature is this? To the big businessmen, as well as the little philosophers, it is obviously a monster. However, the former at least have at last embraced the monster, because he is necessary and profitable. Some corporations would be in trouble without the once-lunatic ideas of Fuller.

THE philosophers might begin with the geometry on page thirty-nine. In this, which would interest Euclid, we begin by close-packing around one sphere as many same-size spheres as possible, and continue to layer on subsequent shells of same-size spheres. The first layer has 12 spheres, the second 42, the third 92, the last figure being the number of atomic elements. Oddly, these three numbers combined produce 146, the number of neutrons in uranium, the 92nd element. Add another basic 92, and you have 238, the number of nucleons in uranium, whose atomic weight is 238. In this relation of numbers, some insight is opened into the relationships of the atomic world and the structuring of the universe. From his packed spheres, Fuller derives formulas and a geometry of structuring in terms of lines of force. Mathematicians and engineers seem to be able to follow this with joy and understanding.

In a sense more practical than mystical, the Fuller mathematics hypothesizes a human society of increasing plenty and happiness, without politics, the reverse of the Socialist forecast. It is here that I must dissent, noting that Fuller, by no coincidence, is temperamentally optimistic and magnanimous. A beautiful future rams straight into the nature of man, which will probably remain selfish, hardhearted, shortsighted and thoroughly political, as will human society. Most people are more adept at expressing their meanness than their love, and actually happier in doing so. The Fuller universe offers us a better world, and can prove that it is there for the taking. But there remains the human perverseness that used to be called Original Sin. My resistance to the Fuller optimism can be ascribed to my share of the ancient disease.

The achievement described in this book is protean; but in fact it is only about a third of the whole Fuller body

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tion and speculation. Some of it can be found in Fuller's *Chains to the Moon* (Lippincott), in my *The Big Picture* (chapters on Universe, Earth, Current Events) and in the March, 1960, *Architectural Design*. But what is needed is publication of Fuller's tape-recorded lectures in five seminars. His lectures, if he is not allowed to edit them in his celebrated "feed-back" style, are quite comprehensible and wonderfully honest and exciting.

The worldly-naive strain running through Fuller is that of a Faust who would try to convert Mephistopheles; he has repeatedly turned away when the devil would not play on his terms. A great magnate once told him that the way to get rich was to make things complicated; Fuller smilingly went on trying to make them simple. Henry Luce once told him he was a fool to tell everybody everything he knew; Fuller smilingly went on trying to tell it all, knowing that he was really telling it to himself and correcting it as he went along; while Luce, like the rest of us, hugged his own barren and shriveling secrets. Fuller proves in at least this one career that magnanimity, optimism and love of one's fellow man (plus enormous brains and hard work) pay off, as against greed, fear and suspicion. (Even with brains and hard work). The ordinary man has not even begun to understand how completely and effectively Fuller is on his side. This revelation evidently must come slowly, though it has already come to the young people in the colleges.

The communication with the whole people, which Fuller wants, may not

really be compromised by his current status as the darling of the businessmen, a role he accepts only to be socially useful. These people need him, they will forgive him every dread heresy, for they cannot break his patents, hard as they may try, and they have tried.

But the heresies of clean, precise thinking end up as faith, hope and charity. They dismiss all politics as

after-the-fact temporizing, from Karl Marx to our own founding fathers. Since I like the founding fathers, why does this not dismay me? Fuller points to the great destiny for mankind, and I say that I know more about mankind than he does. Who is he to tell me that these creatures will ever be decent? And the wonderful hope is that I may be wrong, and Fuller right.

Our Taste for Violence

BRASS-KNUCKLE CRUSADE. *The Great Know-Nothing Conspiracy: 1820-1860.* By Carleton Beals. Hastings House. 312 pp. \$5.95.

THEIR MAJESTIES THE MOB. By John W. Caughey. University of Chicago Press. 214 pp. \$5.

Carl N. Degler

IN A YEAR when *The New York Times* and *Life* are exploring the national purpose and lamenting the loss of our historic sense of mission [see Hans Meyerhoff's essay, page 85], it is well for us to recall other years when our articulation of national values was even less successful than today. We easily remember the lofty and inspiring words of a Lincoln, but we often forget that during Lincoln's own lifetime—in the nativist movement—Americans touched the nadir of their idealism. We can take little pride in those years when many Americans, consumed by fear and drugged with bigotry, tried to deny public office, the ballot and even jobs to thousands of immigrants congregating in our cities, when Protestant hatred burned Catholic churches and hounded priests and nuns, and when scores of books spread malicious lies about Catholics and foreigners.

In his book Mr. Beals tells the whole violent, distasteful story, vividly and at length, sometimes too excitedly for complete accuracy, but with conviction. He makes no pretense to a dispassionate or scholarly study of Know-Nothingism, which he flatly calls "America's first fascist movement." One can sympathize with Mr. Beals's indignation. Certainly the lies were incredible; the violence shocking. But it is one thing to deplore the anti-Catholic sentiments of the movement and quite another to suggest that nativism was nothing more; or to

assert, as he does, that the movement came "within a breath" of gaining national power.

Unlike Mr. Beals, the historians of nativism in the last two decades have emphasized the complicated motives which underlay the nativist outburst. In Massachusetts, for example, as Oscar Handlin has shown, many genuine reformers joined the nativist movement, not out of nativist conviction, but because they wanted to outvote the conservatism of the immigrant. Once in power they passed, not nativist legislation, but reforms like personal liberty laws to protect free Negroes. None of this reinterpretation appears in Mr. Beals's pages or in his bibliography. A striking omission of the book is that, although we are frequently told of elections which nativists won in the 1850s, rarely, if at all, are we told of any concrete actions which followed from these victories. The fact is that almost no legislation was passed to implement the nativist program, even though in states like California, Massachusetts and Maryland so-called nativists constituted a majority of the legislature, or nearly so. By itself this fact suggests that the party was not as monolithic, rabid or powerful as Mr. Beals contends.

Much the same conclusion is suggested by the variety of people included in the movement. Along with the expected array of bigots, frustrated neurotics and self-serving politicians, there were abolitionists and reformers like Henry Wilson, frontier democrats like Sam Houston, respected conservatives like Millard Fillmore and John Bell, and even prominent Catholics like Charles Gayarré of Louisiana. The presence of such figures among the Know-Nothings should suggest to Mr. Beals that the American Party, as it was officially called, was moved by more than simple bigotry. But he is so eager to show that Know-Nothingism was about to take over the country that these figures are left unexplained or passed off as mere fronts; even Webster's Seventh of March speech on the Com-

Table for Three

Three women sat down at a lunch table. One of them told a story about a niece. When she stopped talking the second began.

She told a story about a cat. When she stopped talking the third one began.

She re-reported a newspaper story. There was a pause, then another round. One of them described a salad she had tasted.

When she stopped talking the second began.

She described a hat she had bought. When she stopped talking the third one began.

She described a house she had seen. Then the three got up and left. They have more courage than I can imagine.

RUTH SOTER

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promise of 1850 is said to be tainted with Know-Nothingism because it contained references to the desirability of standing by the Union. Indeed, it is the Unionist sentiment animating many nativists that Mr. Beals is least able to appreciate as an explanation for the temporary success of the Know-Nothings. He can easily ridicule those who thought they saw some hope for saving the Union through the American Party; he knows that the Civil War was coming soon. The historian is by profession a Monday morning quarterback, but he ought to be at least as sparing in his use of hindsight as a sports commentator.

THE VIOLENCE of the "brass-knuckle crusade" forcefully reminds us once again that lawlessness, vigilantes and mob violence run through most of our history. This thread of violence is sometimes minimized on the assumption that it is simply the consequence of the frontier. Such an explanation is inadequate, though, not only because of the clear evidence in books like Mr. Beals's that violence was common in the cities, but because lawlessness and vigilantes are by no means universal frontier phenomena. Canadians, for example, have no significant history of frontier vigilantes and lawlessness. In short, the vigilante impulse, as John Caughey calls it, is more than just a colorful item of Americana — it is a distinctive part of our national character.

Recognizing the special place of the vigilante in America, Mr. Caughey, who teaches American history at the University of California, has brought together in *Their Majesties the Mob* more than fifty accounts of, and comments on, mob action in this country during the last century or so. Some of these are fine statements of the principles of justice ignored by mobs, most of them are eyewitness sketches of the ugly face of vigilantes in action. In an introduction, Mr. Caughey tries to sum up the nature of the vigilante impulse, both in its violent and in its subtle manifestations. Defining "the essence" of the impulse as "group action in lieu of regular justice," he takes issue with those writers who have defended American frontier vigilantes on the ground that regular law was ineffectual or absent. Rightly, Mr. Caughey points out that the occasions when the established courts were unavailable were rare, but the use of irregular justice was not rare at all.

His effort to illustrate the dimensions of the vigilante impulse through his collection of sources is not equally successful, however. For one thing, all the examples concern events in which Mr.

Caughey obviously sympathizes with the victims of the vigilantes. Is it not, though, as much an act of vigilantism to free a runaway slave held by the authorities in Boston as it is to drag a Negro from a jail in Mississippi? It is no extenuation to plead the injustice of slavery; such a defense is but a variety of the mob's justification for the lynching of the rapist — namely, that the law is inadequate or wrong.

The other weakness in this selection of sources is Mr. Caughey's inclusion of examples which so broaden the definition of vigilante as to make it meaningless. To be sure, conventional examples, like lynchings on the frontier or the mobbing of Chinese in Wyoming railroad towns, are included. But also included are sources on the intimidation of former Communists by Congressional committees and the blacklisting of radicals and leftists. These may be deplorable acts, but they hardly qualify as interferences with the processes of regular justice.

Moreover, what is gained by thus stretching the term "vigilante impulse" to include the effects of popular prejudice, fears and pressures? Not only is the meaning of the term diluted, but the achievement of the book's purpose — to convince Americans of

the need to resist vigilante actions — is made that much more difficult. For if we accept the dismissal of Robert Oppenheimer as an expression of the vigilante impulse, as Mr. Caughey urges, then are we not obliged to call by the same name the agitation of the A. F. of L. and the NAACP against Judge Parker's appointment to the Supreme Court in 1930? And if popular pressure to influence public policy is vigilante action, then do not boycotts against South Africa or against Woolworth stores in the North fall into the same category? But if acts like these are to be so named, many good liberals will be hard put to condemn the vigilante impulse as uncompromisingly as Mr. Caughey hopes.

Our history is filled with examples of vigilantes in action. Sometimes this impulse has served good ends; many times it has been the agent of injustice. One thing seems clear: the vigilante spirit is in every American. And just because it is, it needs to be illustrated in all its manifestations, not in only those which we may happen to dislike. Furthermore, as a facet of the American character, it deserves to be studied in its own right and not obscured by being loosely equated with prejudice or opposition to liberal goals and ideas.

Return to the Heart's Longing

HOMO FABER. By Max Frisch. Abelard-Schuman. 198 pp. \$3.95.

MOUNT ANALOGUE. By Rene Daumal. Pantheon Books. 157 pp. \$3.

David L. Norton

WHATEVER the causes, it is clear that present-day spokesmen for humanity are displaying a marked modesty of intentions. No more, apparently, shall we brandish swords of righteousness or flaunt our partisan banners. Heroics of the individual will are disdained, and the heart's longing, if revealed, is apt to receive a dousing, like a trespassing troubadour.

In this atmosphere it is not surprising that novels of aspiration are out of favor. Ahab would only mystify us, and Melville's resignation was prophetic when he turned to *Benito Cereno*. Art has indeed come to be considered "gratuitous," as Gide demanded, but at the

price of sacrificing its secret hope to save the world.

In Europe, especially, the novel of aspiration has been supplanted by cool works of observation. There is much in the new manner — by Robbe-Grillet, Sarraute, Claude Mauriac — that is admirable; in each case the whole is nursed out of a single methodological concept, giving the work a consummate unity and coherence. But the picture of man presented is without will, purpose, or moral judgment. Percepts replace concepts, facts annihilate value, the vessel is rudderless and propelled by circumstance.

Of course, this is not entirely new. Many writers in the past have been spectators rather than interventionists. But with this difference, I think: they were so by temperament rather than by doctrine. As a consequence they enjoyed greater latitude in their choice of instruments. Henry James, for instance, was abstract and antiseptic; he peered at life through a telescope. Gide was personal and sensual; he used a stethoscope, catching heartbeats. Better yet have been those who used the finely focused human eye. By contrast the new group

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exhibits a collective favor for the clinical microscope, magnifying minutiae.

Given this trend, confirmed pluralists will be delighted to find two first-rate novels of aspiration, very different in kind, by European authors.

Homo Faber, by the Swiss writer Max Frisch (*I'm Not Stiller*, etc.), details two months in the life of Walter Faber, a power-systems engineer. In method it resembles Camus' *The Stranger*, for it is told in the first person by a narrator who is singularly misqualified for the job. Meursault could not think; Faber is a monolith of prejudice.

Faber lives in a closed universe of turbines, mathematical probabilities and mechanistic interpretations. In his eyes everything reduces to matter in motion. Feeling is obstructive and therefore a vice. Sent twice by his firm to supervise a turbine installation in Caracas which initially misfires, Faber undergoes a forced landing in Mexico, a side trip to a Guatemalan plantation to visit a friend whom he finds on arrival to have hung himself, and a battle of wits with his New York mistress who resents being sacked. He survives unmarked. In moments of weakness he sustains himself by invoking the spirits of Uspensky, Reich- enbach and Norbert Wiener.

It is a tribute to Frisch's skill that Faber is believable, and even more, interesting. The author has made him narrow, but not superficial in his own realm, literal-minded but not pedestrian. He is endowed with a keen eye for local absurdity and a caustic wit which turns at least one scene — in the New York apartment — into a near-burlesque. Further, his positive philosophy is fascinating, like a Gorgon's head. We never suspect that Faber is being fashioned in straw expressly for demolition.

And he is not demolished, though ultimately we find him weakened, searching, his shell no longer impervious. Frisch has subtly prepared us for this change. In the Guatemalan adventure, where the author evokes a torpid, oppressive atmosphere with Conradian power, we found welling up in Faber a hidden horror of the organic, the fetid and unclean. "What got on my nerves were the newts in every pool, a seething mass of newts in every one-day puddle — all this procreation, this stench of fertility, of blossoming decay. Wherever you spat it germinated!"

Here we learn that Faber's excessive love for clean, powerful, resistant mechanisms is not intrinsic, but a reflex of his hatred of the organic, with its laws of generation and dissolution. These are precisely what finally ensnare him. His sex interest in two women brings him

to the only genuine relationships he has known, then leads inexorably to tragedy; and he suspects he has inoperable cancer. At the end, he is awaiting the knife with little hope, but he is a fuller man. His salvation, Frisch intends, lies in his growing awareness that truth is many.

BY CONTRAST, Rene Daumal is certain that truth ultimately is one, and *Mount Analogue* is a quest for understanding, not of self, but of the universal essence of things. It rests on the same substratum that supports Yoga, Zen ritual, the experiments of Rimbaud with hashish, and those of Aldous Huxley with mescaline . . . the conviction that higher states of consciousness are attainable, by extraordinary means.

Mount Analogue is an allegorical marvel tale. It deals with the search for, discovery and ascent of an invisible moun-

Le Rêve de Yadwiga

Henri Rousseau

Even in the dream, he notices,
that peasant common-sense
accompanies her
like a dry aunt, and
Yadwiga
brought along the sofa
in case the lotusleaves were damp;
left her wide
shoes at home, with
other things . . . reclines
on red plush
in a bower of hair; jungle
rises, panting, round her.
Oranges
and lemon birds
ornament the trees; music
supplied by a
darker dream in a loud-
striped skirt, breathing
into a woodflute;
tigers, abashed, and
shoulderdeep in green,
cannot decide whether
to roar or purr;
Yadwiga reaches
to pick that lotusbud
offering itself so crisply to
the square hand; she
likes flowers. A bird says something
brilliant;
all the leaves
are green flesh.
Yadwiga
on red plush makes a jungle
in which everybody is
surprised but
the serpent: he
is used to
Edens, and generally
successful

DEBORAH AUSTIN

tain, the highest on earth, and the supreme symbol of the bond between earth and sky. The nameless narrator of the story is a young literary symbolist who has written an article tracing the outcroppings of the symbol in prophetic literature. He corresponds with "Father" Sogol, ex-novitiate of a heretical order, professor of mountaineering, and amateur physicist, who has established Mount Analogue's existence and location. They carefully recruit a party of eight believers and set out aboard the yacht "Impossible."

The strength of Daumal's book lies in its internal logic. Why Mount Analogue is invisible and not ordinarily approachable is explained both by physical principles and by symbolic necessity, thus achieving a balance which the author maintains throughout. Each difficulty the party encounters along the way is met by "regarding the problem as solved and deducing from the solution all logical consequences," a method which produces results that are fantastic, yet coherent.

Daumal died of tuberculosis in 1944 at the age of thirty-six, leaving the book unfinished. So far as the work is concerned I think this is just as well. In the last chapters, where anticipation gives way to the actual ascent, Daumal appears to grope a bit and his symbols lose their edge. This was predictable. He has led us to expect more than he, or perhaps anyone, could fulfill. By unanimous testimony of those who endorse them, the higher reaches of mystical experience cannot be described in a meaningful way.

These two novels may be placed together, apart from the bulk of recent literature. Yet it is a difference between them that is perhaps most suggestive. Apart from matters of writing style and methodology, *Homo Faber* and *Mount Analogue* contrast substantially different styles of thought. The ideal toward which Faber moves is openness to the varieties of experience. The ideal held aloft by Daumal is a finished product from the start. Everything that happens in *Mount Analogue* justifies the initial certainty of Sogol and his colleague; by each event in the life of Walter Faber a bit of his initial certainty is destroyed.

The essential difference between the ideals represented in the two works amounts to the gulf between the animal and absolute and the tentative and human. Somewhere, C. P. Snow has remarked: "I want a man who knows something about himself. And is appalled. And has to forgive himself to get along." So do I; and so, I believe, does Max Frisch.

The NATION

ART

Leslie Katz

VISITING the major exhibit, Art Nouveau, at the Museum of Modern Art this summer (to be shown later in Pittsburgh, Los Angeles and Baltimore), one discovers that a movement, often vaguely thought of as a flash in the pan of art and design at the turn of the century, was an international style that touched in its origins such diverse figures as the French painter Paul Gauguin and the American architect Louis Sullivan. In addition to advancing a style, its idealistic practitioners brought a philosophy to art, a social (or occasionally anti-social) intention, sharing a common desire to apply high art not only to painting and sculpture, but to graphic design, decoration and architecture. It was a folk movement of aristocratic minds that sought to take art out of the museums and bring it into daily use, public and private, as in building and wall decorations, books, furniture, jewelry, household objects.

On first glance one may be tempted to categorize the fanciful chairs and cabinets, the elegant iridescent vases, the refined, elongated or squared romanticism as a quaint echo of a transitional epoch, a passing fancy of passing ebullience, the simplification of the Victorian into the Modern, when the umbrella stand made of an elephant's foot gave way to the inkwell formed of abstract swirls of cast metal. The logic of fancy produced lines and designs that evolved like organisms in a society stable and affluent enough to imbue any object with convoluted grace. The movement thus symbolized its confidence in the natural evolution of form and progress (as in Hector Guimard's Paris subway entrances and Louis Tiffany's glass), and sought to establish cohesion, harmony, the pleasures of formal taste, in advertising posters, book bindings, chairs and world fairs.

The social idealism of certain contributors to the Art Nouveau movement, although not emphasized in the exhibit, is outlined in the admirable catalogue,* a collection of essays, which traces and gives the background of the leading figures—artists, architects and craftsmen—who took part, sometimes by coincidence, in this international phenomenon in France, Britain, Belgium

*ART NOUVEAU. Edited by Peter Selz and Mildred Constantine. The Museum of Modern Art (distributed by Doubleday). \$6.50.

and Holland, Germany, America and elsewhere. It was an era when commercialism and salesmanship were looked to as civilizing influences, when each new item, whether book, stove, subway entrance or iron-trussed building, was invested with an innocent glamour and embellished with bold designs inspiring its power of grandeur in the beholder and dignifying its particular use.

In the catalogue Peter Selz, Director of the Exhibit, documents the early interest of Paul Gauguin and others at Pont Aven in Brittany in applying their art to ceramics, wooden screens and painted glass—the need and desire for a sense of identity with a folk and a folk art, a spiritual rapport Gauguin later sought to find with natives of a South Sea Island (and could not find, as the Impressionists did, in Paris). Vincent Van Gogh, it may be remembered, began as an evangelist in the mines of the Borinage, and later asserted his transcendent, impassioned respect for the form and use of ordinary objects in his paintings of an old pair of shoes, a simple bedroom, a pool table with a light above, common flowers, tilled landscapes. Van Gogh may be said to extract from given reality a consistency and harmony of design that his one-time schoolmate Van de Velde, an outstanding exponent of Art Nouveau, created and imposed overtly by designing with logical uniformity (more fanciful and less rigid and puritanical than much “free form” modern design) his house, his furniture, his silverware, even his wife's clothes. The point is, the souls of both men, as artists, were involved in different ways with social, even civic aspiration.

THE WORK of America's great architect at the turn of the century, Louis Sullivan, had qualities of Art Nouveau. Sullivan was a civic genius who ended his career in failure. One of his last designs, it is said, was the tin floor plate for a parlor stove, but it may be supposed he did not look down on the job, as he had previously designed drinking fountains and door hinges for his buildings, believing with Whitman that the detail is the microcosm of structure. He traced the ruin of American architecture and his own career to the wave of bad taste and jingoistic hypocrisy that engulfed America in the 1890s, an artiness that cheaply imitated the past instead of daring to originate in native terms and be itself. In his *Autobiography of an Idea*, musing over the absence of honesty and sincerity in then current vogues, he continued to invoke his own confidence, while casti-

gating the smug dictatorship of taste by an alliance of business patrons and art world academics. In words worth quoting today when admiring his creations, he spoke of the reigning taste in America as “a culture lost in ghostly *mésalliance* with abstractions, when what the world needs is courage, common sense and human sympathy, and a moral standard that is plain, valid and livable.”

Much Art Nouveau, especially in Northern countries, was tinged with a *fin de siècle* and dying swan grace, or a sense of romantic horror that soon found release in cold theories and fearful symbolism. A genuinely new style has the power to create a vast new conventionality. The movement went in many directions and influenced many forces. The seemingly brief success that bloomed with broken blossoms had deep, strong roots—strong enough, perhaps, to outlive not only its eclipse, but the fashionable revival it will now enjoy, elevated to scholarly attention, high prices in antique stores, and a snobbish status as ancestral justification for present fashions. Capable of putting forth many and unexpected growths, in differing soils and varying climates, Art Nouveau has proven its vitality, surviving in seed form, and now emerges again.

WHEN THE KISSING HAD TO STOP

The New Leader says it “obviously deserves” a place “among the first rank of books of 1960... It has an uncanny relevance to the present international situation following the summit debacle. And the theme is one which should bring us all up short: the surrender not of Berlin, but of Britain. We must be made to stop and read the fine print on this first significant signpost of the 1960s... As a novel for our time, it is far superior in intellectual depth and artistic feeling to Nevil Shute's shallow, prophylactic ‘On the Beach.’ It deserves to be at least as widely read.”

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Harold Clurman

Paris—London

SINCE most of the plays I saw in Paris and London will be shown in New York during the coming season, I prefer to postpone detailed reviews of them. Also, watching these plays in their home capitals, I made little effort to estimate their worth as entertainment or art. I was more concerned with what they represented as part of the spiritual horizon of their respective countries.

The most striking development in Paris and London—but more emphatically in London—is that what might be called the *avant-garde*, the unusual or the difficult play has crossed the line that divides the little theatres in the byways from the big theatres in the center. Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker*, for example, a play markedly influenced by Beckett's *Godot*, began its career at the Arts (a tiny club theatre) but is now attracting enthusiastic and packed houses in the West End.

In London, the difference in price of an orchestra seat in the West End theatres—\$2.80—and a seat in the smaller theatres is slight, but that is not the whole explanation. There is a "new

wave" in the English theatre, and it has created a large audience which attends the once risky plays wherever they may be found. Some Americans tend to pooh-pooh this new English drama on the ground that it is hardly new at all; that it resembles what was done by us in the thirties. I do not believe the objection to be well founded. Every culture must follow the course of its own organic nature. And because Osborne, and more recently Arnold Wesker, have written plays which in part recall Odets and other of our erstwhile insurgents does not mean that the English authors are contributing nothing specifically their own to the contemporary drama. They are—by the very fact of their Englishness. And though we too have seen Beckett and Ionesco in New York, their plays are still caviar on Broadway: our expense account audiences have no appetite for such plays. In Paris, Genet's *The Balcony* is a success at the Gymnase—a typical boulevard theatre. Though Sartre's *The Prisoners of Altona* is almost a melodrama in its technique and Anouilh's *Becket* is even more facile in style, both are far more successful in Paris than I believe they can ever be in New York, even if buttressed by "name actors."

THE London and Parisian theatres at this moment are healthier than ours. It is pointless to set down the titles and number of our best productions alongside those of London and Paris; the condition of a theatre is not to be measured in such terms. What must be taken into account are the position and function of the theatre in a particular society: the theatre's relation to its audience in respect to demand, sentiment, economic situation.

The French theatre at its best continues a tradition of maturity in writing—often novel in tone and manner—coupled with themes of a certain weight. Even the plays of the apparently anarchistic Jean Genet have potent social implications. His most recent *The Blacks* deals with the tension between white and colored people in a manner that is at least as germane to us as to the French, though its reverberations extend

far beyond the reach of civil-rights platforms and liberal legislation.

By comparison, the English plays of similar ambition may be regarded as the work of beginners—often imitative and uncertain—though the English accent justifies them, at least for their own audiences. They also help us understand how the malaise common to the entire Western world expresses itself in one particular segment of it.

What emerges from the new drama in England as well as in France is a desperate cry for help. The stress is different in each country. A character in Sartre's play says: "The liquidation of the human species was decided upon in high places. The specific facts and causes don't matter. The main point is that we have a taste for destruction." Speaking of a war criminal, another character says: "He cried to God 'I do not want to do what I am doing,' but he did it." In a word, Sartre says that we are frauds. We refuse to do away with the causes of the guilts that torment us, and linger in willful inertia protected by our temporary prosperity. Aware of our moribund condition, we retreat from historical necessity—that is to say conscious responsibility—which leads to what might be called social incest. Ostensibly about Germany (though some say it alludes to the French in Algeria) Sartre's play challenges all of us. Genet, much less clearly a moralist than Sartre, nevertheless makes his plays resound with corresponding echoes.

The English suffer their anguish more locally. One source of distress is their feeling that they are still constricted by their patient manners, their lack of expressiveness in matters of the heart, that peculiar mutism which is perhaps a vestige of the days of the powerful British Empire. The English dramatist now appears to demand loud denunciation of what may still be remedied, together with outlets for inner turmoil whose alleviation is not readily available because the malady has not been defined.

IN THIS respect there is a division in English thinking about the theatre. It is evident in Kenneth Tynan's resistance to Ionesco as contrasted with his enthusiasm for Brecht. I too am a Brecht "partisan," but let us reflect on this a moment. Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* is an outcry against conformism and the dehumanization of the person in our mechanized society. This takes a subjective and romantic form which, beside being bewildered, seems practically impotent. What may be worse, Ionesco often suggests that the process of dehumaniza-

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A Dissertation upon Roast Poet

(dedicated to R.G., E.P., K.R., et al.)

His dashing knavery
The world said was savory,
Till, oh dear, his truculence
Spoiled his succulence.

EDWARD LOCKE

tion is intrinsic to the human condition. Brecht believes in human intelligence and its capacity to act on behalf of a better life.

What should not be overlooked, however, is that both dramatists represent responses to kindred aches. Western man—to speak only of him—feels himself oppressed and ailing. No artistic (or political) utterance today can be pertinent if it fails to recognize this. Therefore “decadent” writers, insofar as they voice truly experienced reactions to the endemic disease, are being socially creative (or useful) even when their expressions of horror or rage point to no such clear conclusions as are contained in the classic statements of a Brecht.

Pinter's *The Caretaker*—a stylized play, though more naturalistically grounded than its French counterparts—sounds off on the painful lack of connection and the hostile suspicion between individuals, all of whom are almost equally wounded and pitiable. Arnold Wesker's *Roots* is an attempt to dramatize a specific working-class milieu whose people are able neither to communicate with one another nor to make any real contact with members of other classes. The author, however, arouses the hope that the ferment of fresh impulses now being quickened almost everywhere in England will generate a renewal of vigorous growth. The strange gesture of Pinter's play is arrestingly graphic but hangs fire. Wesker's realism is more directly communicative. Those who seek new modes prefer Pinter; those who are stirred by the prospect of social change and anxious for news of its imminence are in greater sympathy with Wesker. My point is that, divergent as their two plays are aesthetically, they spring from a like source of disturbance; both, in the present English scene, are portents of growth.

ALONGSIDE these “protestants” in England and France are their more traditional fellow travelers. Their plays hint at trouble but not in a manner to worry the regular playgoer very much. These plays are usually more neatly constructed and more serviceable to show business than is the more daring work. In England, Rattigan is the model and most proficient practitioner of this stable dramaturgy. His *Ross*—in which Alec Guinness stars with great success—is about T. E. Lawrence. Such plays are attractive but are somewhat scorned by the advance guard because they rarely foster new perceptions.

Plays in this category—like the others—vary in talent and interest. About Françoise Sagan's *Castle in Sweden*,

Mauriac remarked that in reading it he was “delighted and dismayed.” It is a frothy comedy, structurally awkward but written with grace and wit. It is a fable revealing a wholly disabused view of modern love which may be summed up as follows: romantic sensualists are squares, solid citizens are both brutal and complacent, the prewar generations live in a foggy dream world, the intelligent young are nowadays dispassionately vicious and as destructive in their own ways as their elders. We may therefore conclude that we are living in an icy vacuum where no truth or profound affection can thrive. Sagan's play recalls those French novels of the eighteenth century about which it is difficult to tell whether the author meant to expose the wickedness of society or to join the readers in enjoying it. They are eating up Sagan's immorality play in Paris, but I suspect her of being a “spy”: she is having fun with the middle class while her heart is secretly with the rebels.

A safe rebellion may be observed in Santha Rama Rau's dramatization of E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*—in which interracial conflict is decried and snobism plus the sexual repression of the English are once again deplored. The more extended and subtler dimensions of the novel may be impossible to convey in a dramatization. What remains is worthy enough, though hardly revolutionary—but the play's success is another indication of the direction in which the English are moving.

A FINAL WORD about the acting on the English stage. Joan Plowright, Peter O'Toole and many others show the growing emotional scope of the younger generation of actors who are adding to the customary professionalism of their theatre a new element of personal expressiveness and power.

What strikes an American observer even more forcibly is the appearance of such stars as Laurence Olivier and Michael Redgrave in parts which, though no doubt interesting, would nevertheless probably be rejected by our big stars. (But how many such stars do we have now who act regularly on our stage?) I was so touched by Laurence Olivier's very presence in Ionesco's play that I almost “forgot” to consider his performance apart from the play itself; and Michael Redgrave in a new play by young Robert Bolt, *The Tiger and the Horse*—still in its pre-London tour—also made me feel that such actors deserve a special accolade for their eagerness to help the cause of vital theatre. That is another aspect of the increasingly good disposition of the English stage.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

RCA VICTOR has issued two exceedingly fine recordings: the complete version of Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*, conducted by Monteux; and the new Poulenc opera, *La Voix Humaine*.

La Voix Humaine is a lyric tragedy in one act, a forty-minute solo tour de force set to the text of a Jean Cocteau play. The play itself was an *avant-garde* production in the prewar repertory of the Comédie Française. It also served as a vehicle for Anna Magnani in the Rossellini film, *La Voce Umana*. Undoubtedly, however, Poulenc has given the text its most durable form, for his setting of it is so substantial and dramatically perfect that the opera should find a lasting place in the repertory of every alert, modern opera house. The music, like most of Poulenc's output, is suave and harmonically opulent—very much in the French manner. There are one or two passages which might have been lifted whole from Debussy or Ravel, but they are counterbalanced by a main body of sound that is Poulenc's own. The total effect is fresh and exceedingly attractive.

If Poulenc were a less adroit and sincere composer, he could not have succeeded so well. For *La Voix Humaine* is the kind of conceit which can be

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terribly annoying. It consists entirely of a telephone conversation, of which the audience, naturally, hears only one side. I would have thought Menotti had exhausted this idea in his comedy, *The Telephone*. Certainly, I would not have expected so frail, artificial and limiting a premise to support a convincing tragedy. But in Poulenc's hands, the device not only proved effective, but precisely its gimmicky flavor heightened the cynicism and hyper-urbanity that are central to the plot.

The heroine of *La Voix Humaine* is an abandoned mistress, a young and elegant woman, holding her last telephone conversation with a lover who is going to marry someone else. She had attempted suicide a day or two earlier and is now trying to control her grief and to hide it behind a façade of civilized acquiescence. Occasional interruptions on the party line and broken connections provide dramatic relief and irritant force. At the finish, after telling her lover to hang up quickly, that they must make an end, she lets the telephone fall to the floor as she cries, *Je t'aime, je t'aime, je t'aime*. The derivation from the scene of Mimi's death in *La Bohème*, complete with falling muff, is obvious. The scene is corny, but, as I remember, the only corny spot in the opera. Since the opera is immediately over, the one instant of melodrama can hardly spoil a firmly established impression of quality. Poulenc did a splendid, feeling job of creation, and I suspect that even those people who are not ordinarily fans of his music—as I am not—will find much in it to admire.

The executants on this record, who gave the opera its first performance in Paris, in February of 1959, are the soprano Denise Duval and the orchestra of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra-Comique, under George Pretre. They are superb, and so were the recording engineers. Poulenc is quoted in the jacket notes as saying: "The performance on this record is a veritable model. I doubt that it could be equalled. To surpass it is impossible. . . ." I entirely agree. (Soria Series—LS/LSS 2385).

THE SAME can be said for Pierre Monteux's reading of the complete Stravinsky ballet score, *Petrouchka*, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. (LM-2376; LSC-2376). How Monteux manages so unflinchingly to get to the heart of a Stravinsky work, to illumine every facet of its structure and detail, is a mystery. It is a fact of life, however, and this recording illustrates it. *Petrouchka* is revealed as a piece of music that is developmental in attitude, standing firm-

ly between *The Firebird* and *The Rite of Spring*, and conceived in a frame of mind radically different from either of them. It is really a symphony, though this fact has never, to my knowledge, been pointed out. I have never understood why Stravinsky was willing to dismantle its intricate, evolving structure and form a suite from the remnants. The long breath of the work is an integral part of its meaning.

Another excellent RCA recording is that of Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Scheherazade*, made by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (LM-2446). I must admit that I put this war horse on my machine expecting only boredom, but Reiner brought such immediacy to the work, such elegant suppleness, that all its old life returned. The piece was as fresh as the day I first heard it, and far more ravishing in color than I remembered. Reiner is unpredictable. He can play crudely on occasion and yet, when he really wants to, he makes the skies light up. This recording of *Scheherazade* should supplant all others.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM'S readings of the Schubert Symphonies Nos. 3 and 5 with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra are not as virtuoso as the foregoing, but are delightfully clean and lyrical, and the playing of the Symphony No. 3, which struck me on first hearing as a bit dull, is entirely convincing the second or third time around. The Fifth Symphony is a more interesting work, and Beecham takes full advantage of its flowing lines and innate gracefulness. He is a good Schubert interpreter, and this is a good example of his work (Capitol G-7212).

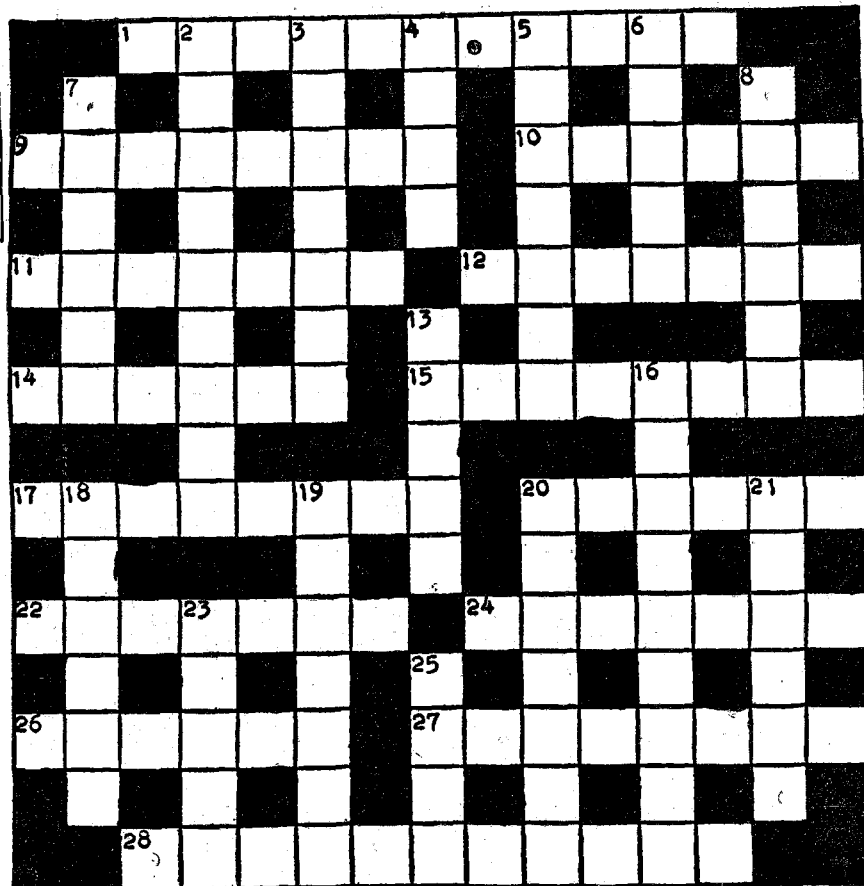
Erich Leinsdorf's playing of the Mozart Symphonies Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9 on Volume II of Westminster's complete Mozart Symphonies is as sweet and ingratiating as can be. With the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London he achieves the most affectionate kind of readings. All the little inner voices sing up delicately; the strong lines are slender but firm; tempi are ideal. (Westminster XWN-18862).

The young American pianist, Ann Schein, has made a recording of the Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto No. 3 with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Goossens which should put her into the front rank of this work's interpreters (Kapp Long Playing 6000). Her performance stands up very well against the now famous Cliburn recording (RCA Victor LM-2355); in fact, it has an alertness and edge that some listeners will prefer.

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 878

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 and 27 One doesn't have to be mated to lose this match. (3, 6, 2, 3 5)
- 9 In the main, everything might be lost. (3, 2, 3)
- 10 Woman's were obviously meant to have a solution! (6)
- 11 Whatever turns the soil might be unfriendly. (7)
- 12 Is his target better at the window? (7)
- 14 Bankrupt pleasure? (If your return is over, it might be expected.) (6)
- 15 A follower of Horatio? (One might be used to stopping at a 6.) (8)
- 17 Associated with fields of rush. (8)
- 20 Proving the man might be part of the service. (6)
- 22 Its meaning might also seem more flat. (7)
- 24 One way to have fun when a number wake up. (7)
- 26 Believing the equivalent? (6)
- 27 See 1 across
- 28 Hidden first sign of those who might serve under dictators. (11)

DOWN:

- 2 Internal combustion? (9)
- 3 Scurried around when the statuary went in the van. (7)

- 4 and 13 Duck under the roof — there may be portent in them. (3, 6)
- 5 and 18 Usherettes in the theater? (7, 6)
- 6 Nothing unchanged in the desert, probably. (5)
- 7 This might be set back in medical coverage. (6)
- 8 Convention city? (6)
- 13 See 4 down
- 16 Rode erect, head back. (9)
- 18 See 5 down
- 19 The Regent is confused after I make one or two, perhaps. (7)
- 20 You couldn't pay me to be one! (7)
- 21 Succeeds. (6)
- 23 Learning about the first person entering the Bay of Biscay? (5)
- 25 Skip the change, it seems to imply. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 877

ACROSS: 1 Aurora borealis; 9 Phonics; 10 Bracken; 11 Rhodesia; 14 Aral Sea; 15 Calif.; 17 Dante; 19 Orifice; 21 Zeugma; 23 Apparent; 25 Burglar; 26 Entails; 27 Alphabetically. DOWN: 1 Ampersand; 2 Rhodora; 3 Reiterate; 4 Best in Show; 5 Ruby; 6 Avast; 7 Inkwell; 8 Gnat; 13 Palimpsest; 15 Climactic; 16 Fights shy; 18 Neutral; 20 Ezekiel; 21 Zebu; 22 Mulch; 24 and 12 Grub Street.

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